Please it your Highnes to dismisse me either with I or no?
K. Ed. I, if thou say I, to my request:
No, if thou say no, to my demaund.
La. Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, she bens the brow.
Cla. Why, he is the bluntest woer in Christendome.
K. Ed. Her lookes are all repleate with Maiestie.
One way or other she is for a King:
And she shall be my loue, or else my *Queene*,
Saie, that king *Edward* tooke thee for his *Queene?*
La. Tis better said then done, my gratious Lord,
I am a subiect fit to ieast withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
K. Ed. Sweet widdow, by my state I sweare,
I speake no more then what my heart intends:
And that is to enioy thee for my loue.
La. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am to bad to be your *Queene:*
And yet to good to be your Concubine.
K. Ed. You cauill widdow, I did meane my *Queene.*
La. Your grace would be loth my sonnes should call you Father.
K. Ed. No more then when my daughters cal thee mother
Thou art a widdow, and thou hast some Children,
And (by God mother) I being but a Batcheler,
Haue other some: why tis a happie thing,
To be the father of manie Children:
Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
Cla. When he was made a shriuer twas for shift.
K. Ed. Brothers you muse what talke the widdow and I haue had, you wold thinke it strange if I should marrie her.
Cla. Marrie her my Lord, to whom?
K Ed. Why *Clarence*, to my selfe.
Glo. That would be ten daies wonder at the least.
Cla. Why thats a daie longer then a wonder lasts.
Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extreames.
K Ed. Well, ieast on Brothers, I can tell you,

Her

Her sute is graunted, for her husbands lands.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And it please your grace, *Henrie* your foe is taken,
And brought as prisoner to your pallace gates.
K Ed. Away with him, and send him to the Tower:
And lets go question with the man about his apprehension.
Lords along, and vse this Ladie honourably. *Exeunt.*

Manet Gloster, and speakes.

Glo. I, *Edward* will vse women honourably,
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loynes no issue might succeed,
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for:
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
First is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Henrie*,
And his sonne, and all they looke for issue
Of their loynes, ere I can plant my selfe:
A colde premeditation for my purpose,
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull my selfe within a Ladies lappe,
And witch sweet Ladies with my wordes and lookes.
Oh monstrous man to harbour such a thought,
Why, loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe:
And for I should not deale in her affaires,
She did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,
And plast an enuious mountaine on my backe:
Where sits deformitie, to mocke my bodie,
To dry mine arme vp like a withered Shrimpe,
To make my legges of an vnequall size,
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Easier for me to compasse twentie crownes.
Tut, I can smile, and murder when I smile:
I cry content to that, that greeues me most.
I can adde colours to the Camelion,
And for a need, change shapes with *Protheus*,
And set the aspyring *Catalin* to schoole.